

# THE RURAL CASKET.

VOL. I.]

TUESDAY, July 10, 1798.

[No. 6.]

## SELECTED. P H Œ B E S M I T H.

### A MORAL TALE.

**S**WEET as the voice of the syren is the language of sensibility; soft as the aspect of nature, when the genius of storms meditates, in silence, a tumultuous descent; but oft, like the prelusive calm, it contains the seeds of mischief; & like the harmony of the syren, should be heard with distrust. As the delightful beverage of the vineyard, it attunes the heart to the most generous and salutary affections: but, with that, steals insensibly on the imagination; & unless tempered by the according hand of discretion, debases where it should refine, and enervates where it should confirm.

Sensibility, though undoubtedly propitious to virtue, like all excellencies, has its counterfeit, and, when carried to an extreme, degenerates into vice. The spirit of nature rejoices in equanimity; and prefers, for her residence, the bowers of spring.

PHŒBE SMITH was the only and darling child of Capt. Smith, a military gentleman, who, having devoted the flower of his days to the honorable service of his country, retired at 56, crowned with the well-earned laurel, to a

small family estate in Flintshire, England. His avocations were such as will naturally suggest themselves to be most eligible to a liberal and polished mind. An union of thirty years had improved, rather than impaired, the affection of an amiable wife; and the dutiful demeanour of his daughter, founded on principle, was confirmed by parental tenderness. So entire a confidence, indeed, subsisted between the members of this little family, that they might truly be said to experience that summit of terrestrial joy, domestic felicity. Unhappily, however, a chief trait in the character of Phœbe was an ingenious benevolence of heart; which, through judging of others by herself, induced her generally to attribute more sincerity to mankind than common experience will authorize. She also possessed a delicate sensibility; which, by an immediate attachment to what is called sentimental literature, became so exquisitely refined, that her affections grew too chimerical to satisfy, and her solitudes almost too poignant to support.

Her

Her father witnessed this perversion of her mind with no little anxiety; but, in his attempts to reclaim her, averse to harshness, only took the mild methods of remonstrance and reasoning. "My dear Phœbe," would he say, "Sensibility is the offspring of humanity, and, consequently, ought to be cherished: but let us be careful that the methods we take to improve, do not corrupt it. Too much indulgence is as detrimental as total neglect. . . . Whenever we refine our ideas and affections to such a degree that the former cannot be reduced to practice, and the latter revolts at co-operating with the claims of society, there is great reason to suspect that we have transgressed the ordinances of nature; for virtue disclaims useless speculation, and society can only be benefited by alacrity and perseverance. I am afraid, that the world has more to dread, on the score of degeneracy, from those who stile themselves sentimental writers, than we are apt to conceive. The genuine effusions of honest sensibility, are of service to morality; but if we allow ourselves to be affected by the quaint bombast of a disordered fancy, or the querulous detail of a dissatisfied mind; we shall in all probability, imbibed the enthusiasm of the one, and the peevishness of the other. When the mind possesses strength to discriminate, and coolness to examine, little danger need be apprehended; but as the credulous impetuosity of youth often produces improper confidence, and fatal decisions; and, as we are always liable to be misled

through the arts of the designing, and the specious arguments of insatuated error; it is certainly most advisable, in such case, to consult experience for information, before we form conclusions, or meditate pursuits.

"Do not imagine that I would curtail your pleasures, I only wish to direct them to a proper channel; and I think it my duty to warn you against the inconveniences you are likely to suffer from an intemperate passion for a specious writing, generally captivating, but rarely natural; consequently calculated chiefly to affect our happiness, by vitiating our morals."

Phœbe was nineteen, when Eustach Medhurst, son to an old school fellow of the captain's, came down to pass a few weeks with our little family. He was a young man possessed of many accomplishments, but destitute of principle. He had never seen Phœbe before, and had not been long acquainted with her before he resolved to repay the hospitality of the father by the ruin of the daughter. Active observations soon informed him of her ruling passion; and, by flattering this, he promised himself the attainment of his wish. Every one much conversant with sentimental novels, will readily conceive the methods which he took; and, from the same intelligence, will probably anticipate the catastrophe. His design accomplished, Medhurst, on a preconceived scheme, took his leave at the villa sooner than was expected; but succeeded in consoling the heart-breaking Phœbe, by assur-  
in



ing her, that the moment he had finished the business which unexpectedly called him away, he would assuredly return and ask her hand of her father, being certain, he said of obtaining the consent of his own.

Three months, however, passed without her seeing him; it is true he had twice written to her, from motives of policy, and this kept hope alive in her breast; nor was it till the expiration of that period, when she heard of his being married in London, that her eyes were completely open to his villainy and her own shame. These circumstances operated so severely on her mind, as to throw her into a most violent fever; out of which she arose, after more than two months, an emaciated object of lunacy!

It was now, from her emphatic incoherencies, the doating parents first gathered the occasion of their daughter's malady, and the knowledge of the wretch who had betrayed her. To attempt at describing the father's agonies, would be affectation; for the mother's, suffice it to say, that she fell an immediate victim to them!

But for an interference of an intimate friend of the captain, he had set off immediately to London, that he might sacrifice Medhurst to the manes of his wife, and as an expiatory offering for the indiscretion of his child. This gentleman represented, that he was altogether unworthy of death inflicted by the hand of a man of honour; recommended him, for his child's sake, not to risk his own life; and assured

him, that he would exert himself to the utmost, in bringing that villain to as condign a punishment as the law would allow.

The wretched parent seemed to be satisfied with these assurances, and endeavoured to appear composed; but this flattering appearance was like that of Etna, whose sides are covered with verdure, while fires prey on its entrails.

He had fully determined, in his own mind, to avenge his wrongs more effectly than the law would admit: for this purpose, unknown to his friend, he sent a pressing invitation to old Medhurst and his son, which he begged they would comply with as soon as possible. Frank, who had every thing to dread, made every excuse he reasonably could, but as his father was very partial to the Captain, he insisted on his compliance, and they set off together.

On their arrival they were shewn into the parlor, where the captain sat, with his friend, who was surprised at their unexpected appearance. Mr. Medhurst, after the first salutation, which he tho't rather cool enquired for Mrs. Smith and Phæbe, and the reason why the family was in mourning. The Captain with a deep sigh, answered, that his wife was no more; and intreated their company, with that of his friend, to visit Phæbe, whom they would find in the garden.

She was now in so deplorable a state, as scarcely to remember the features of any one; and, when they discovered her, she

was sitting in the very bower where she had first listened to her betrayer. Frank trembled at the approach, and thrunk back behind his father. She did not perceive them till they were close to the entrance. "Hush!" she cried, "you've frightened him away; and he was saying sweetest things! he knelt there; and when he said *he loved me*, oh! how the tears ran down his cheeks ---and my heart so fluttered---yes he talked so charmingly---but there I've a sad memory." Then taking up the remains of a rose, the leaves of which she had scattered on the ground---and looking wishfully at her father--- "This was a pretty rose once!" So striking an emblem of herself heightened by the unconscious manner in which she uttered, operated with full force on her father. He hid his face for a moment; and then recollecting himself, re-assumed his previous sternness. At this moment, Frank, by altering his position, caught the eye of the afflicted girl; she surveyed him some time with a sort of confused terror; then rising from her seat, left the bower, and walked precipitately to the house. Their eyes followed her, till they lost sight of her, when the Captain thus addressed them --- "This entertainment I have provided for you is a melancholy one, but necessity demands it; the fate of that unhappy girl was the death of her mother!" --- Here he drew his hand across his eyes --- "and her mi-

serery was occasioned by a wretch, who, while he sat at my table, planned the ruin of my child;" then turning to Frank, "do I speak falsely?" Hardened as he was in vice, the contemptible culprit hung his head, incapable of either denying the accusation or offering the smallest excuse, while his father stood confounded with wonder and horror. But the silence of a few moments was interrupted by the Captain, who, drawing a case of pistols from his pocket, presented one to young Medhurst. "There, Sir Would to God you had dealt as justly with me." The father and the friend interferred in vain: the Captain was determined, they measured paces, and the seducer fell. It were needless to dwell on the ensuing scene. Mr. Medhurst applied to the bar of criminal jurisdiction for redress. The captain resigned himself with cheerfulness; and, being found guilty of murder, heard with great firmness, sentence of death passed upon him.

The very peculiar circumstance of his case, however, together with the recollection of his professional services, procured him the royal mercy. But, tho' restored to society, he was not so to himself. He buried Phoebe soon after; sold his estate, and, retiring to one of the most remote parts of England, dedicated the short remainder of his life to brooding solitude, and hopeless sorrow.



## THE ORIGIN OF DESPAIR.

**H**APPINESS depends upon the gratification of our desires and passions. The happiness of Titus arose from the indulgence of a beneficent temper: Epaminondas reaped enjoyment from the love of his country.--- The love of fame was the source of Cæsar's felicity; and the gratification of grovelling appetites gave delight to Vitellius. It has also been observed, that some one passion generally assumes a pre-eminence in the mind, and not only predominates over other appetites and desires, but contends with reason, and is often victorious. In proportion as one passion gains strength, the rest languish and are enfeebled. They are seldom exercised; their gratifications yield transient pleasure, become of slight importance, dispirited and decay: thus our happiness is attached to one ruling and ardent passion; but our reasonings concerning future events, are weak and short-sighted. We form schemes of felicity that can never be realized and cherish affections that can never be gratified.

If, therefore, the disappointed passion has been long encouraged, if the gay visions of hope and imagination have long administered to its violence, if it is confirmed by habit, in the temper and constitution; if it has superseded the operation of other active principles, and so enervated their strength, its disappointment will be embittered; and sorrow, prevented by no other

passion, will prevail, unabating, on the desolate, abandoned spirits. We may also observe, that none are more liable to afflictions of this sort, than those to whom nature has given extreme sensibility. Alive to every impression, their feelings are exquisite, they are eager in every pursuit; their imaginations are vigorous, and well adapted to fire them. They live, for a time, in a state of anarchy, exposed to the inroads of every passion, and though possessed of singular abilities, their conduct will be capricious. Glowing with the warmest affections, open generous, and candid yet, prone to inconstancy, they are incapable of lasting friendship. At length, by force of repeated indulgence, some one passion becomes habitual, occupies the heart, seizes the understanding, and impatient of resistance or controul, weakens or extirpates every opposing principle: disappointments ensue: no passion remains to administer comfort; and the original sensibility which prompted this disposition, will render the mind more susceptible of anguish, and yield it a prey to despondency. We ought, therefore, to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of any individual passion. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and hath opened to us many fountains of happiness; let no tyrannous passion, let no rigid doctrine deter thee; drink of the stream, be moderate and be grateful.

## REFLECTIONS

## REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

**T**HERE is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate. Where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The other are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eyes, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms: and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet

one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on equipages and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discerned, or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees,



greets soften these very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries; a marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets

of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impurity of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

## WOMEN.

**C**OMPLAINTS against the foibles and imprudence of women are almost coeval with the foundation of the world. Whatever, in other instances, may have been the scarcity of genius and talents, yet their imperfections have never wanted recorders. To do them ample justice, and place them in every varying point of view for the amusement of a busy and ill-natured curiosity, for the gratification of a dark and malignant spleen, or the purpose of a public and humiliating correction, the shafts of satire, the flights of poetry, the lucubrations of the moralist, and even the more dignified labours of the divine, have, in turn been employed. Many famous authors of Greece and Rome, of modern Europe, and of our own country, have formed an ignominious phalanx, to wage, in inky armour, an equal battle against this tender and defenceless sex. Even the sacred books of Revelation have been called in to sanction these malevolent effusions; and

because Solomon declined, at an early period, only against the worst and abandoned of the sex, he has been followed by a number of servile imitators, of all ages and nations, who indiscriminately have applied the dark portrait to all. I will not add a Chatterfield to the group, (whose letters to his son, from beginning to end, are one continual libel upon women) because I wish the memory of his mortal grace, and his refined dissimulation, to sleep with him forever in his grave.

Nor is this sex more indebted in general, to those who assume the appearance of friendship and esteem. Like princes, they seldom hear the language of truth. Many like a Judas, betray them with a kiss. Their charms excite a fugitive passion. Passion vents itself into profuse adulation. And that flattery has frequently little more in view than a momentary pleasure which must borrow its existence from their misery and ruin.

## ANECDOTES

## ANECDOTES.

**A**N Irish and Scotch officer quarrelled the day before the battle of Fontenoy was fought: a challenge was given by the latter; & they were to have met the next morning, but, in the interim, they received orders to be ready by the break of day, as the action would then take place; whereupon they mutually agreed for the honour of their country, to postpone the decision of their private affair of honor, till after the battle, as they owed their lives in the first instance to their country. In the course of the conflict, the Scotch officer escaped from the most imminent danger, and the Irish officer who was his private antagonist, preserved his life at the risk of his own. Nevertheless, after the campaign, the Scotch officer insisted upon satisfaction. They fought, and he again owed his life, which he was obliged to beg, being disarmed, to the generosity of his adversary. The Scotch officer now convinced of his antagonist's greatness of mind, dropt all further resentment: on the contrary, the most cordial friendship took place between them, and they were amongst their acquaintance, styled the modern Pylades and Orestes.

**I**N the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief of the British troops, after a severe battle which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in his favor, a veteran soldier excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms,

and looking very grave, Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull? "Dull your honor, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a d---d hard day's work I have done for a groat."

**A** Presbyterian priest in Connecticut, riding along the road one day, perceived a boy trying, as he thought, to lift up a horse which lay at a small distance---when asking the boy what he was doing there, he answered, "Sir, this horse has fallen down and cannot get up again---if you will assist me in lifting him up I will be much obliged to you." The priest readily complied, saying "do you lift his head and I will lift his hinder parts, and we shall soon have him up." They both continued lifting some time, but Dobbin could not stand; till at length the priest (who was, or at least ought to have been, much better skilled in the life of his soul than he was in that of the body) perceiving his mistake, cried out, why the horse is dead;" "Oh, yes sir," replied the boy, "he has been dead this fortnight."

**THE** same priest at another time, saw a small boy in the street viewing a horse shoe, with apparent surprize, "What are you gazing at little boy," said he. "At that thing there, sir," said the child. "Don't you know what it is," quoth the other; no, sir, he answered. "Why you duncie, it is a horse-shoe." What  
a fine



a fine thing it is to have learning and grace, said the boy, for my part, I did'nt know but it might be a mare's shoe.

### A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

**A** Young French nobleman, not quite 20 years old (the Count de B. Lieutenant of Cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary size: The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of flesh, that M. de B. was soon dismounted. Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great presence of mind. With one hand he seized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws. After struggling awhile with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees fast to his flanks,

and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by; but none dared to advance. "Well then, said he, fire: if you kill me, I forgive you."--- One of them fired, and three bullets went thro' the brave officer's coat, but neither he nor the beast were wounded. Another bolder than his comrades, seeing the Cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his thumb, the young Count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.

### TO MAKE EXCELLENT BREAD WITHOUT YEAST.

**S**CALD about a double handful of Indian meal into which put a little salt, and as much cold water as will make it rather warmer than new milk; then stir in wheat flour, till it is as thick as a family pudding; set it down by the fire to rise. In about half an hour, it generally grows thin; you may sprinkle a little fresh flour on the top and mind to turn the pot round---that it may not bake to the side of it. In three or four

hours, if you mind the above directions, it will rise and ferment as if you had set it with hop yeast; when it does, make it up in a soft dough; flour a pan, put in your bread, set it before the fire, covered up, turn it round to make it equally warm, and in about half an hour it will be light enough to bake. It suits best to bake at home in a Dutch oven, as it should be put into the oven as soon as it is light.

M

REMARKABLE

## REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

**W**HEN Dr. Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's took possession of the first living he ever had, he took a walk into the church yard, where the sexton was digging a grave ; in the course of his labour he threw up a skull : the Dr. took it up to contemplate thereon, and found a small sprig or headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly and wraped up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave digger, if he knew whose skull it was ? He said he did ? declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy shop, an honest drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts of the comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed the next morning. Had he a wife ?

Yes--What character does she bear ? A very good one, only neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after the husband was buried ; though to be sure she had no great reason to grieve for him. This was enough for the Doctor, who, under pretence of visiting his parishoners, called upon her : He asked her several questions ; and among others, what sickness her husband died of ? She giving him the same account he had received before, he suddenly opened the handkerchief and said in an authoritative voice, ' Woman, do you know this nail ? ' The woman, struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly confessed the deed.

## THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

*A curious Anecdote.*

**A** Daughtor of the first Earl surprize them. The young lady of Gowrie was addressed by dy's ears were quick ; she heard a young gentleman of inferior rank in the neighbourhood a frequent visitor of the family, who never would give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the tower separate from that of his mistress ; The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment ; but some prying Duenna acquainted the Countess with it ; who cutting off as she thought all possibility of retreat, hastened to

surprize them. The young lady's ears were quick ; she heard the footsteps of the old Countess, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet, and luckily lighting on the battlements of the other tower, crept into her own bed, where her astonished mother found her, and of course apologised for the unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not chuse to repeat the leap ; but the next night cloped and was married.

ACCOUNT



## ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A FLEMISH PAINTER.

**P**ETER Peuteman was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life; and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with the greatest exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on September 18, 1692, when an earthquake, that happened while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke, he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons: Nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after at 42 years of age.

---

## CHARACTER OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

**T**HE good husband is one who wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency: he passes them over therefore with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious about his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it; lastly the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each others happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

---

## ANECDOTE.

**ONE** day an arch wag said in company, that tailors were like woodcocks, 'for they got their sustenance by their long bills.

A JEW.

## A JEWISH TRADITION.

**T**HERE is a tradition among the Jews, that Moses was called up by a divine voice to the top of Mount Sinai, where he was permitted to propose questions to the Supreme Being, respecting his administration of justice in the universe. During this divine conference, Moses was commanded to direct his eye downwards on the plain. At the foot of the mountain issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. The soldier was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place, and perceiving a purse of gold lying on the ground, which the soldier just dropped, took it up, and carried it away with him. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age as well as with travelling; who, having quenched his thirst, sat down to

rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier in the meantime having missed his purse, returned to search for it, and demanded it of the old man; who, with great truth, affirmed that he had never seen it, and appealed to heaven as the witness of his innocence. The soldier, who could by no means be induced to believe the old man's protestations at length grew so enraged, that he killed him. Moses, on this, fell upon his face with horror and amazement; when the Heavenly Monitor thus prevented his short sighted expostulations, "Be not surprised, O Moses! nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has permitted what thou hast seen! The child is the cause that has occasioned the old man whom thou sawest to be thus slain, he was the murderer of that child's father."

## CURIOUS METHOD OF DISCOVERING A THIEF.

**A** GENTLEMAN in the West-Indies, who had a number of negroes employed in the sugar works, having been robbed of a considerable sum, called together his slaves. "My friends," said he, "the great serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this in-

stant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the master, "that robbed me; the great serpent has just now told me so." By this strange method he absolutely recovered his money.

## UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN THINGS.

**H**OLYCRATUS, the tyrant of Santos, was so fortunate, that he never met with any disgrace in the course of a long life, which made him presumptuously say that he had chained fortune herself to the wheels of

his car. Yet nothing is certain but uncertainty! he was at length driven from his throne, deprived of every thing, and by his own subjects fixed to a cross, where he finished his career by an ignominious death.

SELECTED



SELECTED POETRY.

THE HANDLE.

SOME bucks in London, on a certain time,  
Wishing to have a little merriment,  
With one just landed from Columbia's clime,  
One evening to a tavern with him went.

And there most sumptuously they did regale  
Their busy mouths; and much they did destroy  
Of beef, bread, mutton, cyder, wine and ale;  
For manfully they did themselves employ.

And all attentive to the *stranger* guest,  
Oft did they fill his glals, and oft his plate;  
While witlefs he, with pride and joy elate,  
Thought never man such courteous friends possest,

At length, the feat of *eating* ended,  
One of the company arose,  
And pray'd the rest his absence to excuse,  
"Mine uncle dear (quoth he) is very ill,  
"And he this, night, though fore against my will,  
"By *me* intreats to be attended."  
All for his quick depart gave full consent,  
He made a civil bow, and off he went.

Immediately, two gentles more  
Remembered they some business had to do,  
But kindly begg'd the American not to go  
Till they return'd—which would be in an hour;

Two more the waiter call'd away;  
So in the supper room did stay  
Of Britons only one;  
And while the Yankee look'd about,  
He likewise unperceiv'd slipt out,  
And left the wight alone.

Then did he see upon the sill  
The grinning Landlord, with his yard-long bill,  
Who very civilly demanded pay.  
"Oh, sir (the gentle youth surpriz'd did say)  
"Where are the other guests?"  
"They (quoth the Landlord sniggering) all are gone,  
"And since you chose to stay behind alone,  
"You pay for all the rest.

"Ha! Ha! I see you dont know Lunnum yet,  
"Our British *blades* are monstrous fond of wit,  
"Yes, yes, that fellow's skull must be well made,  
"Who would in wit out do a British blade."

Vext to the heart, the stranger mus'd awhile,  
Then turning round most sweetly he did smile,  
And say :

" Well! Landlord, since this plaguy trick is so,  
" I think to smoothe my temper ere I go,  
" That you and I will take a glass together,  
" For la ! I value not my *cash* a feather,  
" So bring a bottle of your best I pray."

Out whisk'd the Landlord in a trice,  
To fetch his old *Champaign* so soft and nice,  
But when he with the bottle *in* did walk,  
With sad surprize he started,  
A most rueful exclamation made ;  
For lo ! the young American had departed !  
And nought had left to pay for the good wine,  
Save this short line,  
Wrote on the table with a piece of chalk ;  
" A Yankee Handle for a Britishe Blade ! !"

#### AFFECTING EPISTLE TO AN HEIRESS.

**M**ARIA ! I'm resolv'd to tell my pain,  
In spite of diffidence it must be told ;  
Torment you know will make the dumb complain,  
For instance Balaam's cudgell'd beast of old.

Then Oh ! attend, thou fairest of the fair,  
Let one sweet smile a ray of hope impart :  
In pity deign to hear my humble prayer,  
And banish sorrow from my aching heart.

'Tis not thy pouting lip of rosy dye,  
Nor breast where all the loves delighted rove,  
Nor the blue languish of thy speaking eye,  
That in my bosom rous'd the flame of love.

Thy lip and breast and eye I much admire,  
But charms less transient rob my soul of rest ;  
Thy Gold, thy Guineas, set me all on fire,  
I long to rummage your papa's old chest.

But different eyes are struck with different charms,  
Here's Damon, pierc'd by Cupid's poison'd dart,  
Would gladly take you to his longing arms,  
And ask no portion with you but—a heart.

Then pray Maria !—let him have his whim,  
And likewise pity my poor tortur'd breast,  
To me your money give—yourself to him,  
And make at once a couple of us blest.

FOREIGN



## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, April 26.

Yesterday Mr. Pitt brought forward, in the house of commons, his budget.---The sum he wants for the service of the present year is 28,470,000l. thus he proposes

Land and malt	2,750,000
Volunteer contributions	1,500,000
Assessed taxes tripled	4,500,000
Compelling merchant ships to go under and pay for convoys	1,500,000
Advance by the bank	3,000,000
The loan, exclusive of 2 millions to Ireland, to be provided for by the Irish Parliament	15,000,000
Lottery	200,000

---

28,450,000

The deficient 40,000l. was not mentioned by Mr. Pitt.

All of the above sums are to be raised within the year, except the loan of 15 millions and the loan from the bank---Eight millions of the former are to be repaid by the produce of the triple assignment which shall arise after the present year. It therefore appears that parliament has only to provide for a permanent seven millions.

To pay the interest of this permanent debt the minister proposes to lay the following taxes, calculating them to produce 5s. per bush. additional

upon salt	500,000
5 per cent. on all teas above half a crown per lb.	111,000
Armorial bearings to pay, on carriages two guineas---do. 1 guinea, seals, &c. of a housekeeper---do. half a guinea on do. to a person not a housekeeper	150,000

---

Produce of taxes 761,000

Mr. Pitt calculates the interest of the seven millions permanent debt about 577 thousand pounds, and the remainder of the produce of the taxes he proposes to apply to pay the interest of unfunded navy debt, which has accrued since the war began.

He reserves to himself the right of calling a parliament before the end of the next session, for a vote of credit for two millions, making in all for the service of the present year, including the Irish loan, 32 millions and a half!

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.

FIRE.

Last night, about 12 o'clock, a Fire broke out in a frame building near the corner of Fifth and Walnut-streets. This build-

ing was occupied by Mr. M'Elwe, for the purpose of grinding paints, by means of a steam engine. We have to regret, that notwithstanding the utmost exertions, the house was totally consumed.

consumed. The works in this building had cost a considerable sum of money, and were just beginning to reimburse the many expences of the owner when they were destroyed.

We would just hint the propriety of keeping out of the way of chimnies after a house is burned down. In the present instance, the stack of chimnies being deprived of support, fell in a north east direction; and had not a large copper still broken the force, it is probable several lives would have been lost. Only one person was a little bruised.

#### ALARMING.

A most daring attempt was made on Wednesday night, by the negroes and other passengers on board the vessels now at the Fort, from the Mole and Port-au-Prince, to force their way up to the city. They had taken the officers of the vessels, and were determined to proceed with the first tide up the river. It is impossible to foresee what would have been the consequences of their determination, if the vigilant and praise worthy conduct of the commanding officer of the Fort, and of capt. Dacatur, in the Delaware sloop of war, had not completely defeated their design.

Yesterday the above vessels, to the number of nine having nearly 700 souls on board, were ordered under the guns of the Fort, which step will no doubt, pre-

vent any further disturbances among them.

All was quiet at the Fort, at 10 o'clock last evening; No arrivals at that hour.

#### POUGHKEEPSIE, July 10.

The Governor has issued his proclamation, requiring the members of the Senate, and also the members the Assembly of this State, to convene and meet in the City-Hall of the City of Albany, on the ninth day of August next. This call is to give the Legislature an opportunity of taking without delay such measures of defence, as the present exigency requires and which cannot be seasonably provided for by the United States, without the auxilliary efforts of this State.

Several persons died last week in New York, in consequence of drinking cold water in the heat of the day. A transient also died at Rhinebeck, thro' the same means.

The beautiful walk round the battery in New-York, is now breaking up for preparations to defend that city.

*Solution to Selima's Basket of Fruit, an Enigma, published in a late number of the Casket:*

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Apricot,   | 6. Peach,      |
| 2. Nectarine, | 7. Strawberry, |
| 3. Apple,     | 8. Currant,    |
| 4. Pear,      | 9. Plumb,      |
| 5. Cherry,    | 10. Grape.     |